witcht with the rogues company: If the raſcall haue not giuen me medicines to make me loue him, Ile be hangd. It could not be elſe, I haue drunke medicines, Poines, Hal, a plague vpon you bo th. Bardoll, Peto, Ile ſtarue ere Ile rob a foote further, and t'were not as good a deede as drinke to turne true man, and to leau theſe rogues; I am the veriеſt varlet that euer chewed with a tooth: eight yeards of vneuen ground is threeſcore and ten miles afoot with me : and the ſtony hearted villaines know it well inough, a plague vpon it when theeues cannot be true one to another.

They whiſtle.

Whew, a plague vpon you all, giue me my horſe , you rogues, giue me my horſe and be hangd.

Prince. Peace ye fat guts , lye downe , lay thine eare cloſe to the ground, and liſt if thou can heare the tread of Trauellers.

Falſ. Haue you any leauers to lift me vp againe being down? zbloud Ile not beare mine owne fleſh ſo farr afoot againe, for all the coyne in thy fathers Exchequer : what a plague meane ye to colt me thus?

Prince Thou lyeſt, thou art not colted, thou art vncolted.

Falſ. I prethee good Prince *Hal*, helpe me to my horſe, good Kings ſonne.

Prince. Out you rogue, ſhall I be your Oſtler.

Falſ. Go hang thy ſelfe in thine own heire apparant garters: if I be tane, Ile peach for this: and I haue not Ballads made on all, & ſung to filthy tunes, let a cup of ſack be my poiſon: when ieaſt is ſo forward, and afoote too, I hate it.

Enter Gads-hill

Gad. Stand. *Fal.* So I do againſt my wil.

Poines. O tis our ſetter, I know his voice: *Bardol* what newes?

Bar. Caſe yee, caſe yee, on with your vizards , thers money of the Kings comming downe the hill , tis going to the Kings exchequer.

Falſ. You lie you rogue, tis going to the King, Tauerne.

Gad. There's enough to make vs al.

Fal. To be hanged.

Prince. You foure ſhall front them in the narrow lane: Ned Poines & I will walke lower: if they ſcape from your encounter,

ter, then they light on vs.

Peto. But how many be they of them?

Gad. Some eight, or ten.

Falſ. Zounds, wil they not rob vs?

Prince. What! a coward Sir Iohn Pawnch?

Falſ. Indeed I am not Iohn of Gant your Grandfather, but yet no coward, Hal.

Prince Well, weele leaue that to the proofe.

Poines Sirra Iack, thy horſe ſtandes behind the hedge, when thou needeſt him, there thou ſhalt finde him: farewell, & ſtand faſt.

Falſ. Now cannot I ſtrike him if I ſhould be hangd.

Prince Ned, where are our diſguiſes?

Poines Here hard by, ſtand cloſe.

Falſ. Now my maiſters, happy man be his dole, ſay I, euery man to his buſineſſe.

Enter the Trauellers.

Tra. Come neighbour, the boy ſhal lead our horſes downe the hil, weele walke afoote a while, and eaſe our leggs.

Theeues Stand. *Tra.* Ieſus bleſſe vs.

Falſ. Strike, downe with them, cut the villaines throates: a horeſon caterpillars! Bacon-fed knaues, they hate vs youth, downe with them, fleece them.

Tra. O, we are vndone, both we and ours, for euer.

Falſ. Hang ye gorbellied knaues, are ye vndone? no yee fat chuffes, I would your ſtore were here: on bacons, on, what yee knaues? young men muſt liue, you are grand Iurers, are yee? weele iure yee yfaith.

Here they rob them and binde them: *Enter the Prince and Poines.*

Prince The theeues haue bound the true men : now could thou and I rob the theeues, and go merrily to London, it wold be argument for a weeke, laughter for a month, and a good ieſt for euer.

Poines Stand cloſe, I heare them comming.

Enter the theeues againe.

Falſ. Come my maſters, let vs ſhare , and then to horſe before day: and the Prince and Poines be not two arrant cowardes, theres no equity ſtirring , theres no more valour in that Poines, than in a wild duck.

Prince